wonders what to do re
the bodies
strewn around.

He’ll ask Dilsey--
If she indeed still
speaks to him.

‘My God it’s you!”

“In the chubby flesh.”

“Before you even start! I realize I’m not the Beauty of the Western world!”

“Should maybe try the EAST?”

“That tongue in there or slicing machine?”

“Okay okay! I wanna ask you how help
those I’ve…”

“Figuratively murdered?”

“I guess…and by the way, you ARE beautiful!”

“Ooops! Gaslight on and off?”

“I mean every SYLLABLE!”

“That’s a FIRST!”

“...and I thought be easy.”

“Nothing is when YOU FEEL!”

“Evet!”

“Ev…?”

“Turkish.”

“Well try not knowing EVERYTHING for next few minutes!”